

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mikey Destruction, Devastating Tito & DJ Slice"

(feat. Devastating Tito, DJ Slice & Mikey Destruction)

Canibus calls him the master of black acetate vinyl  
From New York City to Cairo  
DJ Slice

### *[Verse 1 - Canibus:]*

Assassination attempt, the blood had a stench  
Bloodhounds picked up the scent, I thought we was friends  
Wearing a lab coat, looking through the microscope lens  
He say he'd never sniff coke again, fuck that  
Give me the snow plow, bust it all down  
Freestyle in the dollar van all the way uptown  
The bait is always food, pussy and water  
It smells so good, it sleepwalk you to your slaughter  
Hip Hop awarder ahora, stand next to Rita Ora  
Straight balls on the track no chorus  
The dollar general, street corner sentinel reputable  
Sell a few sidewinders for revenue  
What you saying? Tut took a nigga chain  
Then put a Michael Jackson glove on, I can't explain  
Spit, live nigga shit, you get the gist  
From AR to the K-Bar, customized grip

### *[Verse 2 - Mikey Destruction:]*

Who want it? Come and get it, we can spit it if you with it  
One lyric will leave a hole in the logo of your fitted  
Bars like penitentiaries mellow, win mentally  
Destroy the enemy I could bellow it instrumentally  
Canibus and Destruction back to back  
Causes spontaneous combustion on a track  
Lyrics flame on anything we put our name on  
That's why your ears been burning since the song came on  
Lames gone, game's on, this is no joke  
The pros choke, that cynical shit will get your nose broke  
Subliminal shit is a waste  
I don't have to speak in riddles 'cause I'll say it to your face  
And this is just a little taste  
'Cause if I really start spitting it, this shit will catch a case  
Check your history, y'all niggas can't get with me  
I'm your favorite MC to the fifth degree

### *[Verse 3 - Devastating Tito:]*

A [?] model, Diallo, hollows the Mellow Man  
The stage ain't Apollo, them hollows will leave 'em hologram  
The war season, there's more treason  
The core reason these cats fiending for me, I cruise Norwegian  
I'm articulate, bomb tickin', I'm armed lyrics

The mortician that lift the spirits from your formed physics  
As egotistical make 'em shake like I'm mystical  
Keep his face in a pistol this station will run municipals  
It's our century, commentary is monetary  
My monastery is armor heavy I was born ready  
So bring your generals and a minute of intervals  
I'ma spit on your literature, defecate and spit on you niggas  
It's broken mirrors with broken spirits the motion sickness  
My flow floats across these waters like it's open water  
It's Canibus and Mikey, Tito the rap de-vils  
I break eagles like I'm breakin' records on track needles

*[Verse 4 - Canibus:]*

Spikes across the road Mikey D tag team yo  
Refresh reload in magazine mode  
Transition pole position the globe spinning  
Chop sticks in a rice bowl with some gold in it  
Bust him in the head with a brick, he hop away with no hip  
He still love Hip Hop no shit  
Crucifix around your neck, take the cross off your back  
In fact, we thank the Lord for rap  
Mirror mirror on the wall tell me what you saw  
Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, yes yes y'all  
Inside the hall of fame with graffiti on the walls  
The engineer said, "Take it easy on the boards"  
Attack dog jump off to shred mic chords  
Put 'em all in a cage and see what they fight for  
One goat, two goats, three goats, four  
We rep Hip Hop from roof top to the floor

*[Verse 5 - Mikey Destruction:]*

Drop jewels with the best of 'em, I'm cool with the rest of 'em  
Fools who keep questionin', school 'em and keep testin' 'em  
Manipulate the tracks while I'm spittin' out the facts  
Slap, picking it up, you ain't gettin' none of that  
Precise I'm nice nigga, the flow is impeccable  
Amazing what some sleep, a pen and pad and a check'll do  
What started slow for me, now I'm a vet and a spectacle  
They killed the rotary, so now I'm gettin' technical  
Beast mode, the East Coast will never die  
And jet mode to the West Coast, forever fly  
Transporter no JanSport or no camcorder  
Sip a quart of water while I'm kidnappin' your man's daughter  
Canibus said, "Ill," I went crazy with it  
Other cats said, "Chill," fugazy with it  
I got your back for life Bis, you feel me?  
That's what it is when you fucking with a real G